

CHARIVARIA.

THE Duke of CORNWALL, it is stated, is to be made Prince of WALES at an earlier date than was originally intended. According to a usually ill-informed Continental journal the reason for the alteration is the fact that certain ardent admirers of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE have been urging that gentleman to seize the vacant post.

Free Traders are now pointing out that in Protectionist Germany even the KAISER is unable to make both ends meet, and it has become necessary to grant him a further annual subsidy.

It is again asserted that two German Dreadnoughts which have not proved a success have been offered to Turkey. Turkey, however, is said to have replied that Switzerland's need was even greater than her own.

The Daily Chronicle has been complaining of the fact that the statue of Dr. JOHNSON in Fleet Street has not yet been unveiled. If it is anything like the average London statue our contemporary had better leave well alone.

According to The Daily Mirror a well-known doctor's latest recipe for beauty is pork. Another handicap in favour of the Christian!

A new play by the author of The Merry Widow, entitled The Doll Girl, is to come ultimately to London. There should be no difficulty in finding an actress to fill the title rôle.

Prince GEORGE of Serbia has left Belgrade for the benefit of his health—and that of his father.

"The Nanking Exhibition was successfully opened this morning. . . . The Exhibition is as yet incomplete." In spite of Mr. KIPLING, East is West sometimes.

Messrs. PATHÉ, who have conceived the idea of showing the news of the week on films at the cinematograph theatres, have informed an interviewer that it is not their intention to chronicle murders, but to confine themselves more especially to the passing pageant of life. We think that the decision is

a wise one. Many murders would undoubtedly be spoilt if notice had to be given beforehand, and, in any event, the presence of the cinematograph man would tend to make the murderer horribly self-conscious.

A homing pigeon, a resident of Little Drayton, has returned there after being away for two years. The bird is

scarcely of wood is predicted, and many foolish persons, it is said, will shortly be losing their heads in this new form of speculation.

There seem to be rival claimants to the distinction of having invented the pneumatic tyre, and the proposal to erect a memorial to Mr. DUNLOP has evoked a proposal to erect one to Mr.

R. W. THOMSON. Would it not be possible, we wonder, to compromise by making a rubber bust, with an inner lining: the features of one hero to be on the outside, and those of the other on the inside, accessible by means of a puncture?

Reuter's Nicaraguan representative cabled last week:—

"General Rivas, commanding the Madrizist forces, holding Bluefields Bluff, having threatened to stop forcibly any vessel entering the harbour, the commander of the U.S. gunboat Dubuque replied: 'On the first shot being fired at the American flag an American vessel will level the Bluff.'"

It sounds a little like Poker.

It is becoming quite a common occurrence for theatrical novelties to be first produced in the provinces. The Liverpool Echo, the other day, contained an account of

"SIR H. BEERBOHM TREE AS 'TRILBY.'"
Versatile Sir HERBERT!

We are not surprised that we did not have to wait long before "the silent woman" who was found wandering on Cleethorpes golf links was identified. There can't be so very many of them about.

"Stop!!!"

"Why pay more? All plants are A1 quality, and all have been transplanted, not, like some firms, drawn from the seed beds."—Advt. in "The Daily Mail."

We always suspect a firm that has been drawn from a seed bed.

"It's an ill wind," &c.

"A WIDOW'S THANKS.—My husband took out an accident policy with your company, and in less than a month he was accidentally drowned. I consider it a good investment."—Testimonial in "The Finance Union."

Still, it seems a bit of a gamble. One can never be certain of these accidents.

"Mr. C. S. Rolls in Wax."

Heading in "The Western Mail."

We don't know who "Mr. C. S." is, but he must have found it very uncomfortable.



Grandmamma. "GOOD-BYE, DEAR. GO STRAIGHT HOME."
Modern Youth. "SO LONG. BE GOOD!"

strangely reticent as to the reason of its long absence, and locally it is believed that it is keeping up two establishments.

The Kent magistrates having held that winkles are wild animals, private and cultivated grounds in Kent and Essex are being over-run by winkle-pickers, and the owners are now in the same category as their winkles.

The latest boom is in timber. A

THE MOOD OF CONCILIATION.

[*The Daily Chronicle's* Parliamentary Correspondent, while admitting that "it is the duty of the Government of the day in a grave constitutional struggle to exhaust all possible measures of conciliation before unsheathing the sword," says that "Liberal Members are asking what their leaders can have to give away, and if there is nothing to concede what possible good can come from a conference except to conjure up illusive hopes."]

In really grave and pungent crises,
Such as are apt to crease the patriot's brow
(And I suppose the dullest eye sees
That something of the sort is on just now),
Whoever truly loves his land,
Whose thoughts, like ours, are solely for the nation,
Is almost bound to take a hand
In pouring oil upon the situation.

A Government that knows its duty,
That has the finer conscience which can feel
A solemn, sacrificial beauty
In self-effacement for the common weal—
A Government, I say, like that,
Eager that Peace should stand secure and stable,
Will rightly call a parley at
A Round (or, anyhow, an Oval) Table.

So let us now proclaim a truce full
Of rosy promise for the public good,
One that (by Heaven's aid) should turn out useful,
But, be it very clearly understood,
Be it regarded as a cinch
That, though our appetite for Peace is hearty,
If anybody yields an inch
It won't be *our* side, not the Liberal Party.

We may assume the glove of velvet,
But, should the foeman show a naughty pride,
We shall not hesitate to shelve it
And loose at large the mailed fist inside;
'Tis well to wear a gentle cheer
And let our talk be sweet as sugar-candy,
But we must have our fighting-gear
Hung in the neighbouring cloak-room, nice and handy.

O. S.

LOCAL COLOUR.

I ONCE knew a man who was engaged in writing a novel. There's nothing very surprising in that, of course. Lots of men constantly write novels, and lots of other men go on knowing them. The remarkable thing about this particular novel was that the scene of it was chiefly laid in the Malay Peninsula. Garfield—let us call my novelist Garfield—had never been nearer than Yarmouth to the Malay Peninsula, but he was very obstinate about it. He said he wanted to describe the clash of civilisation and barbarism, and the consequent changes and developments in various characters; and the Malay Peninsula, about which he knew nothing, was the only place for him. Besides, he said, he liked the sound of the name, and saw his way to some tremendous situations which would make his publisher and the public sit up. "If," he continued, "I can only get some of the real local colour—the place must be simply chockful of it—I shall have letters from all the present and retired Malaysians in the Empire telling me how marvellously true my descriptions of life in the Peninsula are, and asking me how many years I spent there, and if I'm any relation of the Garfield who suppressed a native rising there in 1882." Anyhow, he refused to abandon the Malay Peninsula. Novelists are often like that.

Now at Brillstone-on-Sea, where both Garfield and I happened to be spending some of the so-called summer weeks, there was resident at this time a man called Borden. A queer-looking party he was. His battered panama was always cocked jauntily on his bald head; his clothes were shabby. He had only two fingers on his right hand; his walk was a curious mixture of a shuffle and a swagger, and there were permanent traces of a somewhat blood-shot youth in his face and eyes. I got to know him, while Garfield was cooped up in his lodgings with his nose to the grindstone of his novel, and one day I chanced to mention to him that I had a friend who was busy on a book destined to be immortal.

"One of those writing johnnies, hey?" said Borden. "What's he writing about?"

I said it was the Malay Peninsula.

"Funny place to write about. I spent ten years there, and—"

"You spent ten years there?"

"Yes, more's the pity, ten blessed eternal years, and I never thought there was anything to write about. All I wanted was to get away from the mouldy place."

"Why, you're the very man," said I.

I then explained to him that Garfield required local colour, and when he understood what local colour was he undertook to supply it in buckets. "He'll find that what I can't tell him about it ain't worth writing about," was what he said. So I undertook to bring Garfield and Borden together.

When I told Garfield about this he was very enthusiastic. He had been mugging up a great many books about the Peninsula, but he said they didn't give him just those little intimate touches that he wanted, and he thought he could get them from Borden. So Borden was asked to dine with us at Garfield's lodgings—you know the kind of dinner: fried sole with paste-sauce, beefsteak, and something called lemon pudding. Garfield was very tactful with his guest. He didn't want him to think he had been asked merely from motives of self-interest. During the fish they talked about London theatres, and Borden got off a long story about an actor he knew twenty years ago. It wasn't until the middle of the beefsteak that they started on the Malay Peninsula.

"I hear," said Garfield, "you've been good enough to promise to tell me something about the natives. I'm writing a book, you know, about them."

"Well," said Borden contemplatively, "to tell you the truth I never had more truck with the natives than I could help—a rascally lot. I remember old Dick Tozer—you've heard of him, of course, Dick Tozer of the Police, rum old cock with one eye—I remember him getting hold of one of the chiefs—quite a civilised chap, the chief: wore a top hat and a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers, and took in brandy as if it was swipes. Well, you couldn't beat Dick for a yarn. He told me some of the best I ever heard. There was one about his uncle and a broker's man. The uncle rigged the broker's man up in a footman's livery and made him wait at a dinner. That was in Chelsea. Not a bad place, Chelsea. Poor old Dick! Cards settled him. He couldn't keep off 'em."

"I suppose," said Garfield anxiously, "he couldn't play cards much in Malacca?"

"That," said Borden, "is just where you're wrong. Not play cards? Why, we started at ten o'clock one night and we didn't get up till nine o'clock on the next morning but one. There was Dick and myself, and old Cornford of the



A CERTAIN LOSER.

Cod (eaves-dropping at the Hague). "I DON'T KNOW WHY I SHOULD TAKE ANY INTEREST IN THE RESULT OF THIS CONFERENCE. IT'S DEATH TO ME ANYHOW."



THE EMBARRASMENTS OF WAR.

Outpost Sentry and Enemy's Scout (simultaneously). "HALT! HANDS UP!"

Sentry. "ERE! I SAID IT FIRST!"

Bodyguard, and Tom Harfield of the Education Department. That was how I lost my fingers"—he held up his claw—"fell over a doormat coming out in the morning and cut my hand on the scraper. Blood-poisoning set in. Yes, it does look as if I'd had 'em chopped off with a kris, but it was only a rotten scraper."

Garfield was beginning to be a little desperate. "As to the seasons, now," he said; "I suppose they're very different from ours, aren't they?"

"I don't know," said Borden. "All seasons are good for a drink anywhere. That's what smashed up Tom—that and the Government. They never know when they've got a good man. Tom woke up one morning—no, I'm wrong; he never woke in the morning; kept it till the afternoon. Well, he woke up and found they'd put a mere boy from Oxford over his head. You can't expect decent fairness from a Government: they're all the same. Tom never recovered from it. Got D.T. and went off in a day. It's just the same here in England. Why, I've been at the Colonial Office about once a week for five years now, and a precious poor job I've made of it. They owe me over a thousand back pension, and if I cared to throw in my fingers I could make it up to fifteen hundred; but I've as much chance of getting it as I have of winning the Derby."

And that was practically all the local colour that we got out of Borden. He talked till close upon midnight, and I'm sure he thoroughly enjoyed himself. "Don't mention it," he said to Garfield. "I'm only too glad to give a chap

a lift. Of course I've been there and you haven't, and that makes all the difference." Garfield had to finish his book as best he could, and Borden speaks of *Kris and Cartridge* to this day as "the book I helped that johnnie to write. He didn't know a thing about the Malay Peninsula, and I put in all those bits for him"—which is partly true.

A CRICKET CRI DU CŒUR.

I AM weary of the frequent blob,
Sick of the fours that follow as I bowl
A length o'er which I cannot keep control,
And make the batsman's task an easy job.
His are the hefty smites that please the mob,
While I, whose "egg" remains for ever whole,
Would find a "single" soothing to a soul
That shrinks in terror from the merest lob.
Oh, waft me where (if such a place exist)
Each ball is pitched securely off the stumps,
Where catches are invariably missed,
And I can safely make my favourite clumps;
There, when my century at last is won,
Put me on bowling in a rabbit run.

Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM, who has been doing some very sporting work in Opera, announces, on large posters, a "New Mis-en-Scène." This is the right English feeling. We would always sooner see a Miss (even with one s short) than a *Mademoiselle-en-Scène*.

THE LATEST FROM CLUBLAND.

A FEW unimpeachable facts concerning the Spartan severity of the new Royal Automobile Club (on the site of the old War Office) in Pall Mall seem to be called for in every properly regulated paper. Very well, then.

Since it has been decided to make it a palace rather than a club, a palatial bearing will be *de rigueur* in its members. No one will be admitted a member who (1) does not pay super-tax, (2) has not been educated at Eton, (3) does not possess ten fur coats.

After prolonged negotiations, His Grace the Duke of — has consented to act as Secretary, at a salary considerably in advance of his rent-roll.

The Hall Porter is a reduced Earl, and many of the waiters are old public school boys proud of their new and exalted position. Sound claret *à discrétion* will be served to all the servants at their dinner, and champagne on Sundays.

Mr. Prüger, late of the Savoy, has come straight from the Millionaires' Restaurant in New York to control the commissariat for a consideration that might tempt even a comic singer.

The kitchens will be under the direction of a *chef* lured away from an Imperial Palace by a bribe which we hesitate to name. All his utensils are either of pure gold or platinum. The kitchen-maids, it is understood, will in every case be daughters of bishops, deans or archdeacons.

The dining-room services will be entirely of gold, and the meals will be served to a constant accompaniment of ravishing music supplied by the Spotted Dalmatian Band of one hundred and fifty performers, conducted by Prince Igor Bobolinsky, the hereditary Voivode of Lompalanka, whose exclusive services have been retained at a stipend of £T\$++φ².

The Club cellars are stocked with an incredible quantity of Imperial Tokay, Johannisberger and very, very old Clos. No wine will cost less than £1 1s. a bottle, but pearls for dissolving in the club's golden goblets will be furnished at special rates.

Negotiations are on foot with the Right Hon. LEWIS HARCOURT, M.P.,

with a view to converting the ornamental water in St. James's Park into a turtle tank for the exclusive benefit of the Club. Green fat for lubricating purposes will, it is hoped, be provided at exceptionally favourable terms.

The Club notepaper will be made exclusively of the bark of trees from Windsor Forest, and special issues of all the daily papers, with gilt edges and rubricated headlines, will be printed for the members.

In the card-room the lowest points at which it will be possible to play

apartment hang on C springs and draped with diaphanous silken hangings imported from Samarcand.

A new and delightful feature of the establishment will be a special dormitory on the ground floor for aged members, richly furnished with lounges, hammocks, and other incentives to stertorous repose.

A Lethal Chamber de Luxe will also be provided so that if members have fatally injured any person on their way to the club they can provide them with euthanasia on the premises.



Mabel. "I WONDER HOW OFTEN THEY HAVE TO BE INFLATED."

TO-DAY IN THE PAST.

[With compliments to the enterprise of "The Daily Mail."]

FIVE thousand nine hundred and ten years ago NIMROD was entertained at dinner at Nineveh by the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of Babylonia.

Three thousand and nineteen years ago the intrepid airman, ICARUS, essayed to fly the Ægean in a Dædalus bi-plane, but fell into the sea and was drowned. His father, however, safely performed the feat, and thus won the prize of 10,000 drachmæ offered by the 'ο καθ' ἡμέραν Ἀγγαρος.

It is exactly two thousand four hundred and ninety years since NEBUCHADNEZZAR entered on his historic experiment in vegetarianism.

DIogenES, precisely two thousand two hundred and forty-five years ago, told ALEXANDER THE GREAT to get out of his sunshine.

Two thousand one hundred and thirty years ago HANNIBAL ate his first Spanish onion on the back of an elephant.

Eleven hundred and ninety years ago the Venerable BEDE suffered from his first attack of influenza.

Four hundred and three years ago LEONARDO DA VINCI put the finishing touches to a wax bust of Flora, which he had carefully modelled upon a rolled-up waistcoat which he borrowed for the purpose from his life-long friend, Riccardo Chiocciola Luca.

Three hundred and seventy-two years ago His Majesty King HENRY THE EIGHTH attended the Royal Commission on the Divorce Laws sitting at Westminster, to furnish expert evidence.

Two hundred and fifty-nine years ago the Spanish painter VELASQUEZ

Bridge will be a sovereign. No cigars will be provided costing less than two-and-sixpence each, and any member seen in or outside the Club smoking a Borneo cigar will at once be expelled in circumstances of the utmost contumely.

The billiard balls, for the many tables, have all been turned from the tusks of the regal elephant accredited for many years to the court of the Maharajah of Roadogjee, and purchased by the Club at enormous expense.

On the roof will be a superb aviary for flying members, and a troupe of Russian dancers will be permanently installed in the Saltatorium, a spacious

added the last of thirty-five hieroglyphic signatures to his painting of Venus and Cupid now hanging at the National Gallery.

Thirty-eight years ago Mr. F. E. WEATHERLY wrote his immortal lyric, *Nancy Lee*.

Thirty-seven years ago Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON composed his thirteenth Funeral March after visiting the grave of JOHN MILTON.

Equipped with a small hand-bag, Mr. HALL CAINE came to visit DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI thirty years ago, and stayed till the poet-painter's death.

Thirteen years ago, being then only six years of age, Miss MARIE CORELLI began to play on the mandolin.

Ten years ago Mr. KEBLE HOWARD assumed with superb restraint the title of *Chicot the Jester*.

Nine years ago Mr. BERNARD SHAW registered his last blush.

Exactly two thousand nine hundred and fifteen years ago, THERSITES published an offensive article on the death of King AGAMEMNON.

T. PUBLIUS CLODIUS, precisely two thousand and sixty-eight years ago, being employed in negotiations with a view to reconciling CICERO and MARK ANTONY, was observed to enter the villa of CÆSAR by the front door, shortly afterwards emerging from the back door of that of POMPEY.

OUR FLYING COLUMN.

A FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION.

[Passages by aeroplane under the conduct of Mr. GRAHAM-WHITE have been offered for sale by auction.]

WEEK-ENDS WITH ROLLS, a Thousand Feet above the Sea. As patronised by the aristocracy. Paris and Back while you wait.

TRY OUR "ALIEN IMMIGRATORS," complete with disguises. No official fuss or inspection routine. Interpreter carried. Plying direct from Poland.

"THE SMUGGLER." Capacious airship, property of a gentleman leaving the country shortly. Lectures given in the air on Free Trade.

"THE BOMB LINE." "Ingenious, entertaining."—*Vide* Anarchist Press. Reductions made for parachute descents en route.

"SHOOTING THE MOON." Our airships start on this trip from the suburbs of London every quarter-day, stop to pick up at Carey Street, and are licensed to carry furniture and other heavy articles. Invisible at night. *Mem.*—Fares payable strictly in advance. Address, in strict confidence, "Hookit," London.

"THE BLÉRIOT STONY-BROKER." Australia by Air. We do a great deal of business in this excellent line with



Booky (from whom Old Gent has just received five sovereigns at four to one). "NOW THEN, SANTA CLAUS, WHAT ARE YOU BITING 'EM FOR? DO YOU THINK I'D GIVE YOU WRONG 'UNS?"

Old Gent. "NOA, LADDY, IT'S NO THAT; I'M JUST MAKING SURE THAT I HAV'NA GOT THAT ONE BACK WHICH I PASSED OFF ON THEE!"

company directors, turf commission agents, outside stockbrokers and others requiring privacy and freedom from annoyance. Bidders must submit full aliases, finger-prints, and two last convict stations.

Buy our Publication, "Hundred Best Ways out of England."

DEGREES FOR BRIDES.

A CURRICULUM of household management for married women was advocated by Mrs. ST. LOE STRACHEY in a discussion upon a "University Standard in Home Science" at the Women's Congress at the White City on June 8. We are left in the dark as to the syllabus,

and as to whether the fair aspirant for matrimonial honours will try it on the dog or a dummy husband. Should degrees be conferred on successful candidates, we hasten to enter a caveat against some familiar initials obtaining the following acception:—

B.A. = Blatantly Argumentative
M.A. = Moderately Affectionate
B.C. = Barely Connubial
Sc.D. = Scarifier of Domesticities
Litt.D. = Litter Distributor
L.L.B. = Loves Lots of Bridge
Mus.D. = Musically Defective

And we hope that the young ladies who achieve a Poll Degree will understand that this does not mean a pass for Loquacity.

A CORRESPONDENCE WHICH WENT WRONG.**I. LITERARY NOTE.**

"INSPIRED by the success of those recently published books, *Letters to a Salmon Fisher's Son* and *Letters of a Modern Golfer*, a well-known firm of publishers will bring out in August a realistic work on the same lines, by Mr. SAMUEL WITHERS, entitled *Letters to a Porcupine-Hunter's Nephew*, in which will be found set out in genial form the whole art of Porcupine hunting; interwoven, for the sake of the ladies, with a charming and entrancing love story. One of the most delightful characters in the book is Stanley Mertens, the recipient of the letters. . ."

II. THE LETTERS.

MY DEAR STANLEY,—It is a long time since you had a letter from me, but I have been so busy writing to another of my friends, a certain Lionel Blathers, whose second cousin plays water polo for Wiltshire—(*Letters to a Water Polo Player's Second Cousin*, 6/-)—that I have scarcely had time to think of you at all. Now at last I have a few months to spare, and I cannot doubt that you will be glad to hear from such an old friend of your uncle's as I am. But what, I ask myself, shall I write to you about?

Your uncle, as you cannot fail to be aware, was one of the greatest sportsmen of his age. Equally agile in the pursuit of the jerboa, the dromedary and the mountain goat, his most superlative skill was shown in his dealings with the porcupine. It occurs to me that a few hints to you upon his methods, such as may lead you eventually to emulate his skill and equal his reputation, may be of service; for I assume that your ambitions, too, have always lain in this direction.

I shall write to you, then, from day to day, putting down such scraps of advice as occur to me, and discussing any points which you may care to make in reply. I do not, however, insist that you should answer my letters; I should go on writing just the same however impenetrable your silence—a duty which I owe not only to you but to my publishers. But, of course, I should welcome any criticism, if you see fit to make it.

One word more. In case you should find the reiteration of sporting technicality wearisome I have decided to introduce into these letters from time to time the story of my very latest love affair; hoping that in this way your zeal for big-game and your passion for romance may equally be stirred.

Your affectionate friend,
SAMUEL WITHERS.

DEAR STANLEY,—You will be surprised at hearing from me so soon—that is until you get used to it; but you understand that if I am to make a book of these letters by the beginning of August, I must write to you every day.

I have been thinking over what you said in your last—what I mean, you would have said if there had been time for a reply—and I have come to the conclusion that where you are wrong in your method of catching porcupines is in your carelessness. If they are to be tickled successfully they must be tickled in the right place—at the back of the neck where the quills are short; and you must exercise discretion in your selection of a victim. SHAKESPEARE speaks of the "fretful porcupine," and some of them are *very* fretful. These should be stroked with care or you will find that much of them will "come away in the hand," as the expression is. All the same, having once made a start you should continue. Your dear uncle always used to say that it is better to bear those quills we have than fly to others that we know not of.

Speaking of this reminds me that I was introduced to a most charming girl last night. Henrietta—it is a pretty name, I think. Am I in love? I can hardly say as yet.

Yours ever, SAMUEL WITHERS.

MY DEAR BOY,—I am afraid I cannot take your telegram seriously. You must want to hear all about porcupine hunting. There is simply nobody else left to whom I can write about it. Blathers made himself impossible over the last book, when he claimed half the profits on the ground that he had had to give the postman an extra large gratuity at Christmas. Of course, if you really don't care a — if, I mean, you are really not interested in the porcupine, I am only too ready to talk about some other branch of sport. Have you any feeling for hippopotami or silk-worms? Your dear uncle had a way with these that I have never seen equalled. He used to take them between the finger and thumb (I am referring now to the silk-worms) and transfer them to his collecting box with an imperturbable calm.

If you don't take any interest in *any* animals, for Heaven's sake and that of my publishers at least keep silence about it. I can go on writing with practically no encouragement at all, but I cannot put up with a flow of insulting opposition. Let me therefore beg you as a favour to remain passive in the matter. In return for this I will, if you like, insert your photograph in my book as a frontispiece. I had,

of course, intended to put my own—but no matter.

To continue. I saw Henrietta in the Park to-day. How lovely she looked! She blushed when she saw me—I wonder if her little heart was beating!

I shall make a few points about the Wart Hog in my next.

Yours, SAMUEL.

DEAR MERTENS,—I was disgusted by the brutality and profanity of your repeated messages to me yesterday. For some time I considered whether I should not punish you by ceasing to write to you, though I felt that this would perhaps be rather a severe line to take. After consultation with certain friends in the publishing business in whom I have implicit confidence, I have decided to go on with this correspondence; but in future I shall write from the point of view of a modern athlete, assuming you to be as interested in the game of Halma as I am. *The Letters of a Modern Halma Player*, in this case, may be looked for in September, and I am sure you will be proud even to take only a sleeping part in the great work.

To-morrow, then, I shall give you a short account of the history of the game, and at the same time recommence the story of my little love affair with the captivating Henrietta.

Yours sincerely,

SAMUEL WITHERS.

SIR,—Kindly return me my letters at once.
S. WITHERS.

III. LITERARY NOTE.

"... a well-known firm of publishers will bring out in October a realistic work on the same lines, by Mr. Samuel Withers, entitled *Letters to an All-round Sportsman's Brother-in-Law*. . . One of the most delightful characters in the book is Ernest Beauchamp, the recipient of the letters. . ."

A. A. M.

According to a contemporary, the British Ornithologists' Union's Expedition to Papua was joined at Singapore by "ten pickled Ghurkas." No doubt a misprint for gherkins.

From a Parish Magazine:

"The Rev. — will start for his annual holiday on June 13th. He therefore asks that the Missionary Boxes should be returned to him not later than June 10th."

We hope he will have a good holiday.

"Her Second Time on Earth."

"Will Friends and Acquaintances of Mrs. H. T.—, late of St. James's Cemetery, Please Note Present Address: 3, BINDON COTTAGES, etc.?"—*Devon and Somerset Gazette*.

THE ANNIHILATOR OF ANECDOTES.

MIDWINTER, the man with whom I share chambers, is a very good fellow, manly, straightforward and extremely sane. But he has the defects of his qualities. He is unimaginative, severely logical and altogether steeped in dry light. One of his peculiarities is the rooted conviction that all anecdotes are apocryphal. Personally I have a weakness for anecdotes and cling to my belief in their veracity. But most of them have been pulverised by his analysis. For example, the other night we were talking about the inconsiderateness of railway travellers, and in a moment of expansion I started out on a story about SOTHERN *père*, the creator of *Dundreary*.

"SOTHERN arrived at a London Terminus one night just as the train was starting, and was bundled into a compartment with one other occupant. This gentleman, it appeared, had specially engaged the compartment for himself, and was extremely indignant at his privacy being disturbed. SOTHERN expressed his regret most courteously, explaining how important it was for him to catch the train, and how he never had the slightest intention of trespassing on the privacy of a stranger, and so on; but the other man refused to be mollified. On the contrary, he continued to make the most injurious and offensive remarks about SOTHERN's behaviour. This SOTHERN stood for a while without saying anything, but at last he jumped up, lifted his dressing-bag down from the rack, opened it, took out a razor and began stropping it with feverish energy. The stranger dried up in a moment, and hurriedly quitted the compartment at the first stop, leaving SOTHERN in undisturbed possession. Of course the other man took him for a maniac. Rather smart of SOTHERN, wasn't it?"

"No," said Midwinter; "extremely idiotic, I think."

"Why?"

"Well, to begin with, if the other man had engaged the compartment, the railway people would never have put SOTHERN into it. However, that's a mere trifle. But about that razor. If the other man really thought SOTHERN was mad, he would have grappled with him, if he was a fool. And if he wasn't he would have humoured him until the train stopped and then quietly informed the railway authorities. In that case SOTHERN would have been collared and locked up, instead of being left in undisturbed possession of the compartment. No, it won't work, your story. Besides, SOTHERN probably used a safety razor."



Plate-layer (to passenger who has jumped from the London-Plymouth Non-stop Express). "JUMPED AHT? DID YER.—WOF FOR?"

Passenger. "CROWD OF GOLFERS IN THE CARRIAGE—COULDN'T STAND ANOTHER TWO HOURS OF THEIR SHOP."

"My dear Midwinter," I exclaimed, "SOTHERN died in 1882, long before safety razors were invented."

"SOTHERN," replied Midwinter, who has a diabolical memory for dates, "acted in the United States from 1852 to 1860, and I am pretty sure that the first patent for safety razors was taken out there in 1858."

Not having a hardware encyclopædia handy I went to bed.

"It might interest some of your readers to know that last week, after moving a holly some 15 ft. high from one part of my garden to another, a linnet was still sitting on her nest."

The Field.

The custom among linnets of rising silently for a few minutes whenever anybody moved a holly is now falling into disuse.

"K. L. Hutchings and Seymour in splendid foam."—*Evening News.*

It was a very hot day, if you remember.

"But it is probable that the Press exaggerates the real public feeling, and the Socialist 'Vorwärts' is nearest to the truth when it suggests that the bulk of the population, like Galileo, cares for none of these things."

Daily News.

It wasn't that he was indifferent, but that he was so busy with his telescope.

"A fountain pen is only a little thing, yet it is said to spoil more carpets and tablecloths than all the nails in our boots."

The writer sounds as though he would be an unwelcome visitor in some houses. Still, it would be something if he kept himself off the top of the grand piano.

"It is estimated that there are 64,166,600 microbes in a cubic inch of grape," says the *Bristol Evening Times* carelessly, *à propos* of nothing in particular. We insist on a re-count.



Motherly Hostess. "OUR MODEST ESTABLISHMENT HAS ONLY ONE BATH-ROOM, SO WE ALL HAVE TO ARRANGE WHEN TO TAKE OUR TURN. WHAT TIME WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE YOUR BATH?"

Nervous Youth (who means well). "OH, YOUR TIME IS MINE, MRS. BROWN."

HANDS AND ARMS.

[*"Territorials need not apply."*—Recent Commercial Announcement.]

I JOINED the Territorials; I saw the need was great;
And here the chance was ready to my hand
To learn to play the citizen, to hold a rifle straight,
And win the right to serve my native land.

My leisure was but little, but I did what in me lay,
While Dick and Tom and Harry wandered free;
My holidays were labour, labour, labour all the way,
While they were idly loafing by the sea.

They didn't see their duty, or they thought it well to shirk
The trouble and the discipline behind;

They knew—if they did nothing—there was none to make
them work,

When I—who did do something—might be fined.

They hugged their independence, as the Briton only can;
Their freedom, which was far too dear to touch;
Forgetting that a citizen may be a better man
For learning to behave himself as such.

But I, the Territorial, said, those can laugh that win;
For if the time should come—as come it might—
When Britons have to battle for their country or their skin,
They'll neither have the power—nor the right.

I've left the Territorials. A little while ago,
The notice of a billet caught my eye;

I entered for the job, but the employer answered, "No;
For Territorials need not apply."

He owned that we had merits. But for purposes of trade
He liked a man of more pacific stamp,
Who didn't ask for Saturdays and evenings for parade,
And didn't want an extra week in camp.

He'd take us on—and willing—if his rivals did the same;
But competition kept him on the run;
And Harry, Tom and Dick must have priority of claim
Till all were Territorials, or none.

I'm not a Territorial. I tried to do my best.

But, though I'm just as loyal as before,
Till Tom and Dick and Harry do their duty with the rest,
I'll be a Territorial no more.

For he that can't defend himself and won't defend his land
Will never lack employers to select him;
But gets the very billet from the patriotic hand
That loses it by learning to protect him. DUM-DUM.

Keeping Up the Two-Power Standard.

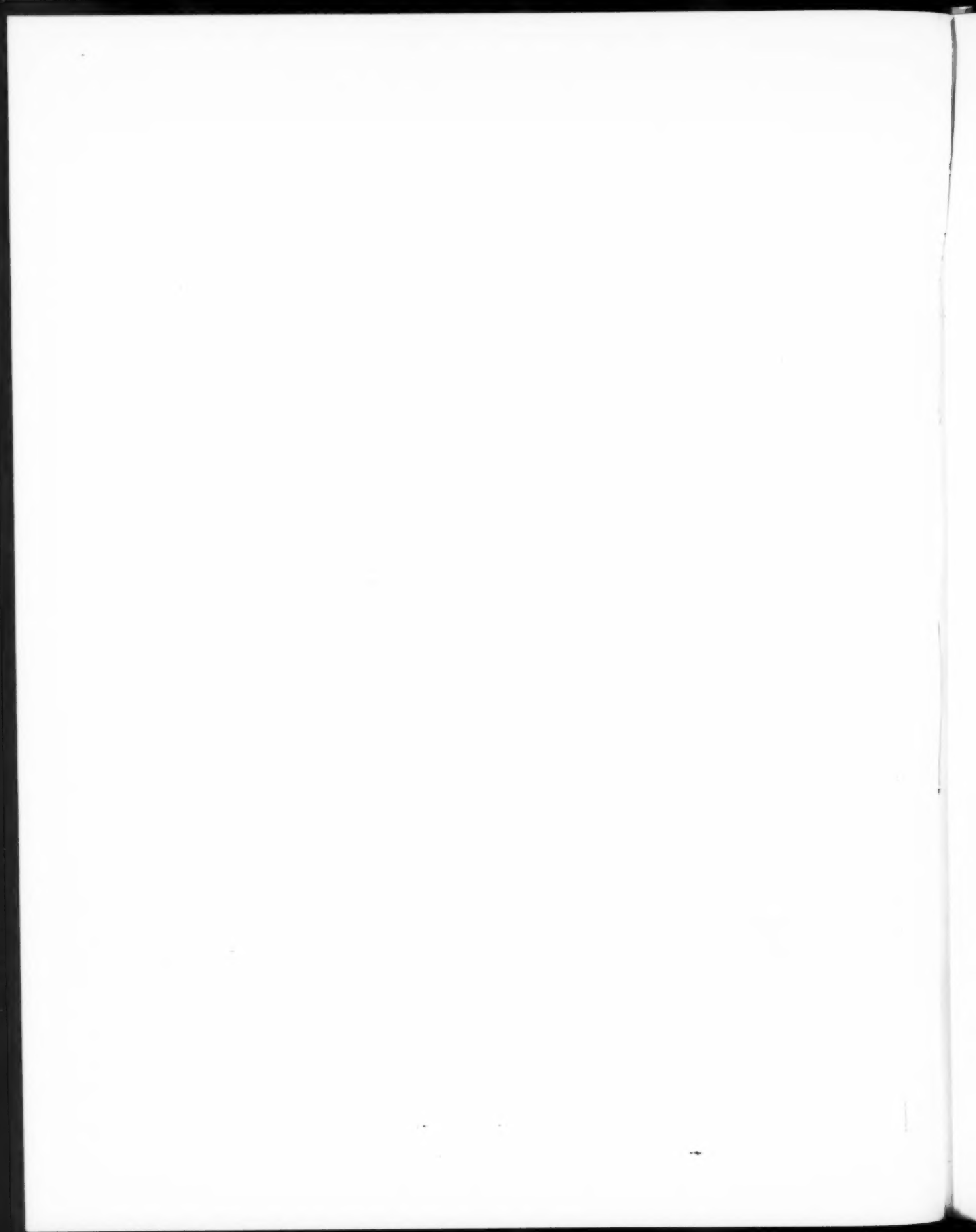
"A number of Navy Botes have been put down for to-day."

Devon and Exeter Gazette.



“PISTOLS FOR TWO AND COFFEE FOR ONE.”

Mr. Asquith. “SUPPOSE WE BEGIN BY SHARING THE COFFEE; THE PISTOLS CAN WAIT.”





ARRIVAL OF THE IRISH AMBASSADOR.



UNDERGROUND INFLUENCES AT WORK.



PRESSURE FROM ABOVE.



PRESSURE FROM BELOW.

"TAY-PAY" AT DOWNING STREET.

"An interesting feature of the assembly (the Cabinet meeting) was the indirect part taken in it by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the favoured negotiator of the Irish Party. Mr. O'Connor was constantly in and out of Downing Street. At two o'clock he called at the Chief Whip's office, which is next door to Mr. Lloyd George's. At half-past two he called again, and left the premises by Mr. Lloyd George's door - for the two houses are connected. Just before the Council ended he drove up once more, entered into conversation with the Lord Chancellor and Lord Carrington as they were leaving, and then passed into the house of the Chancellor of the Exchequer."—*Daily Paper*.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, June 8.—There is a fine restraint about House of Commons that endears it to looker-on. Met to-day under memorable circumstances. Since we parted for what was planned as brief Spring holiday, great things have happened. KING EDWARD is dead and a fifth KING GEORGE has come to the Throne. Only a week or two before adjournment the alert presence of the then PRINCE OF WALES surveyed scene from Gallery over Clock. Next time he appears on parliamentary stage he will take his place on the Throne.

Meanwhile men's minds full of concern as to next move in game for high stakes opened last year between the two Houses. When will the Veto Resolutions be taken? What will the Lords do with them? What will follow thereupon?

These are questions Members meeting in the Lobby or the reading-rooms eagerly put to each other. The public intently listens at the door. Reassembling of Parliament looked forward to with certainty that a sign would be forthcoming. The PREMIER expected to make statement indicating course of public business. Between its lines we should surely read how matters stand.

Thus the environment of the scene. On the stage itself scarcely any movement; certainly no turmoil; pretty full attendance, but no cheering or counter-cheering. The PREMIER enters unnoticed. PRINCE ARTHUR does not think occasion sufficiently important to claim his attendance. In his absence HARRY CHAPLIN gracefully drops into seat of LEADER of OPPOSITION and regards show through single eye-glass. A pair would, you know, be making too much of it.

SPEAKER having read judgments upon election petitions, we take our coats off and get to business. First, we read a third time the Charnwood Forest Railway Bill. Next we pass through final stage the Farnham Gas Electricity Bill and eke the South Hants Water Bill. For a moment there seemed prospect of equable stream of legislation being ruffled by a breeze. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, rising from unfamiliar back seat, proposed to offer a few observations. Whether they related to the affairs of Charnwood, Farnham or South Hants no man knoweth. House did not desire to hear ALPHEUS on any subject, and unmistakably indicated lack of desire. CLEOPHAS showed disposition to insist. Storm rose to angry height; after brief struggle ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS bent his head before it.

Thereupon House read a third time the Standard Life Assurance Company Bill.

Above crowd at Bar waiting to be sworn in, head and shoulders of OWEN PHILIPPS, Chairman of Royal Mail Steamship Company, towered. Since House last met he has bought another fleet. 'Tis his custom of an afternoon. On the average pays a million-and-a-half sterling for goods received.

"My dear PHILIPPS," said CHARLIE BERESFORD, looking up to him as if he were a mainmast that might presently be swarmed, "there's only one thing left for you. You must buy the British fleet."

"Odd you should mention it," said Sir OWEN. "To tell you the truth, I had been thinking of it. If the deal comes off I'll ask you to take command."

"Done with you," said CHARLIE, hitching up a pair of trousers preternaturally wide over the foot.

Business done.—Parliament reassembled after Spring Recess.

Thursday.—Both Houses met again to-day. Gravely proceeded to do business as if nothing had happened outside or was in process of happening. A poor make-believe not long kept up. The Lords, approaching Orders of the Day at 4.30, adjourned at 4.35. Shutters up in the Commons at 25 minutes to 6.

Meanwhile JAM MACDONALD had buttonholed SEELY on subject of subsidised bananas. Alleged that, in spite of subsidy of £20,000 a year paid to steam-fleet owners, Jamaica bananas drifted to the broad bosom of the United States, leaving England forlorn.

SEELY pleaded things weren't quite so bad as that. Ministerial crisis averted only by promise that before contract is renewed House shall have opportunity for fully discussing it.

All this done with delightful gravity, as if no one knew anything of the talk that fills the crowded Lobby, that throbs through the Tea-room and hurtles over the Terrace. All about a Conference in course of arrangement, designed to avert battle-royal between Lords and Commons on Veto Question.

"Very nice indeed," said MEMBER FOR SARK, peeling one of the bananas SEELY sent round by way of additional rejoinder to MACDONALD's attack upon Colonial Office, "but I'm old enough to remember the Round Table Conference that took place 24 years ago, with SQUIRE OF MALWOOD presiding. It was designed to bring DON JOSÉ back to the GLADSTONE fold. What I don't remember is his return."

Business done.—Navy Votes passed Report Stage.

THE BRITISH SUFFRAGETTE.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

[Suitable to be used as a Marching-Song for spectators who accompany the great Votes-for-Women Demonstration on Saturday next.]

SOME talk about GRACE DARLING and FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE,
JEANNE D'ARC and other women whose deeds can never pale,
But of all the world's brave heroines there's none has made as yet
Such a row, row, row, row, row, row, as the British Su-uffra-a-gette!

Chorus—But of all the—etc.

Those heroines of old times to us look rather small;
They never used a dog-whip to slash their foes withal;
But our brave girls can use 'em with a thumping epithet

In a row, row, row, row, row, row of a British Su-uffra-a-gette!

Chorus—But our brave girls—etc.

Whenever they're commanded to raid the House at night,
They march out with their banners of purple, green and white,
And smack policemen's faces—for that's the etiquette

In a row, row, row, row, row, row of the British Su-uffra-a-gette!

Chorus—And smack policemen's—etc.

And when the raid is over and some to gaol are sent,
They say that they are martyrs and never will repent,
And should their scorn of prison food with feeding tubes be met

There's an awful row, row, row, row from the British Su-uffra-a-gette!

Chorus—And should their scorn—etc.

Then let us fill a bumper and drink "more sense to those
Who don't behave like women though clad in women's clothes;"

We may admire their principles, but what we do regret

Is the jolly row, row, row, row of the British Su-uffra-a-gette!

Chorus—We may admire—etc.

Save us from Our Friends.

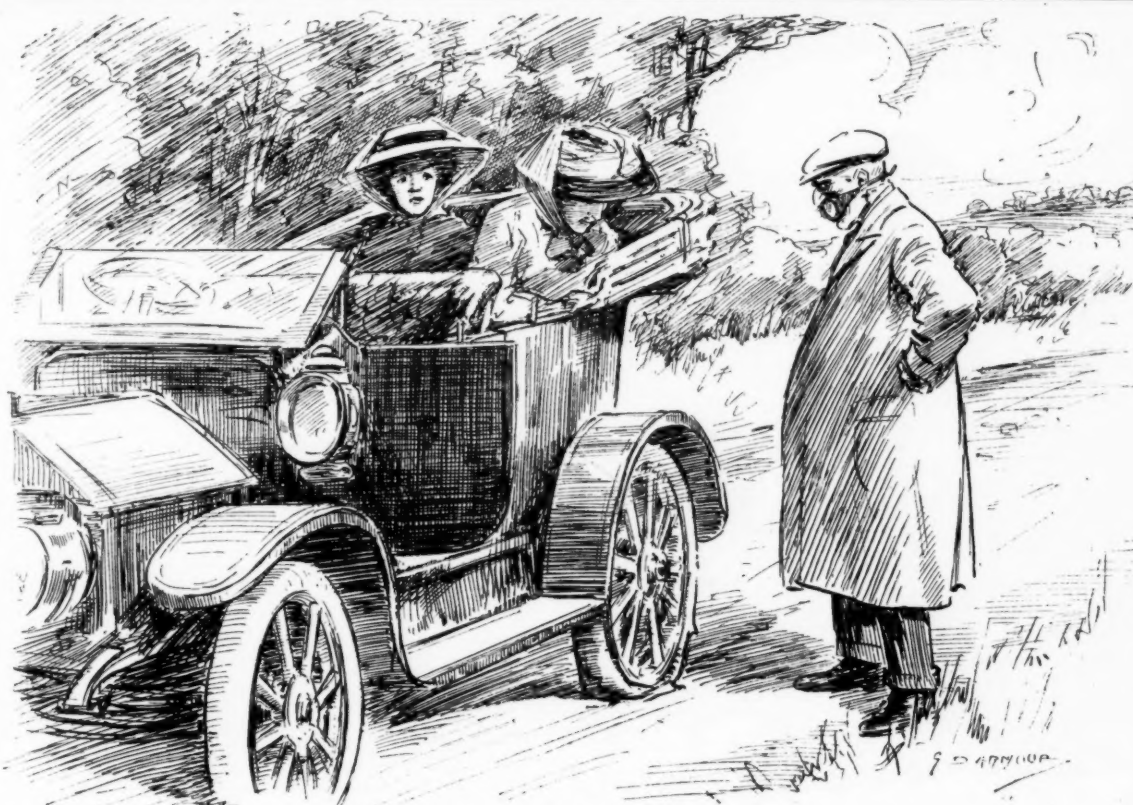
"It is reported that the Mullah is fleeing with only 400 followers, and pursued by 11,000 friendlies."—*Belfast News Letter*.

The subsequent report of the MULLAH's death is now explained. He must have been killed by kindness.

The Tyranny of Fashion.

"Not long ago a party of stistesmen—it seems fashionable to call them that—were down in Porto Rico."—*South Wales Echo*.

Perhaps our contemporary would kindly give us a hint as to the fashionable way of pronouncing this word "stistesmen."



FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON. No. 3.

A NEW INVENTION LIKELY TO BE MUCH WORN—"THE GOGGLYGAG." LOOKS LIKE ORDINARY GOGGLES, BUT CAN BE WORN OVER THE MOUTH WHEN REQUIRED, ENABLING MOTORISTS TO EXPRESS THEIR FEELINGS (AS IN THE ABOVE CASE OF A BURST TYRE) WITHOUT GIVING OFFENCE TO THE MOST SENSITIVE PASSENGER.

ATHLETES ALL.

[The news that three thousand spectators followed a tie in the recent Amateur Golf Championship is supposed to have given rise to the fear that Golf may become a game of mere vicarious enthusiasm.]

NAY, not as when the wild mob, making feast,
Tramples the turf and, tipped by sporting dailies,
The townsman bets upon the noble beast,
Untaught which end his head and which his tail is;
Or when some football concourse crowds to see
(All skill-less in the art, but earnest backers)
The triumph of their own pet galaxy
Of hardly-purchased hackers—

Not thus we follow round in regal state
The heroes of the craft, whose high approaches
Flop on the sunburnt green inanimate,
Limp as the breakfast eggs that Susan poaches;
Whose drives are longer than the dreams of youth,
Whose putts go down unerringly as rabbits—
Have we not also striven after truth
And straightness in our habits?

Have we not wandered in the sandy dunes
Morn after morn, each moment growing pinkier,
With armouries of cleeks and shining spoons
And now and then got in a perfect clinker?
And sometimes, as we hacked the futile sods
And strove to make some beetling bunker porous,

Been haunted in the rear by Hoylake gods,
And bade them pass before us?

And, when we watch them play, with due applause
We greet them, and with adulating glances,
Not for themselves alone, but most because
They teem with useful tips for style and stances;
Theirs is the help we want, when you and I,
With many a (dash between inverted commas),
Halve in about a hundred, wet or dry,
Each Saturday, my Thomas!

Others may like to view an alien sport,
May lounge at ease, their gladiators hiring;
But we who constitute the champions' court
Have worked as they, with twice as much perspiring;
Not one, I trow, of that devoted band
But sometime toiled at bay with temples sheeny,
Toiled till the niblick clave unto his hand
On strenuous arena.

The Spartan Foster Mother.

"THE YOUNG LIBERAL is on its legs: our bantling is cast on the rocks. We, the midwife and nurse of this great venture, will do our part towards its development to a sturdy and vigorous manhood."

The Young Liberal.

If they keep on casting it on the rocks a sturdy manhood is assured.

AT THE PLAY.

"GLASS HOUSES."

IF Smith Tertius were asked to translate "*Connais-toi*," and gave the answer "Glass houses," he would almost certainly receive correction on the ground that his rendering was too free. Mr. KENNETH BARNES, who is grown up, has a perfect right to take liberties with his French original, but I do think he ought to be required to attach the right meaning to an English copy-book phrase. Most of us have been taught to believe that the proverb about people who live in glass houses can only mean that those who are themselves vulnerable (in a moral sense, for instance) should be careful how they attack the faults of others. Yet this is not the main idea in Mr. BARNES's play. General Sir Paul Carteret, apart from a little habit of brusqueness, has no vices to make him vulnerable. He cherishes strict views, in the abstract, about conjugal infidelity (whether of thought or deed) and the proper treatment of erring wives. In a case that is brought before his notice he recommends that the woman should be treated as an outcast, and that the "officer and gentleman" who compromised her should make the only possible amends by marriage. When the "officer and gentleman" turns out to be his own son, he modifies his views. The woman is still to be an outcast, but the co-respondent is not to sully himself by marriage with so contemptible a person. Later still he finds his own wife unfaithful (in thought only), and his views are still further modified in favour of reconciliation, after the reflection that he might have been a gentler husband. All this merely illustrates the obvious truth that we are apt to readjust our abstract opinions as the personal element enters more and more deeply into the concrete case. The original play may have been well suited with the title *Connais-toi*, but the adaptation has very little to do with a conservatory.

The play is one of those familiar comedies which become really tragic when one pictures the state of things

that is bound to ensue after everything has been temporarily cleared up against the fall of the curtain. Not that I cared a brass button what became of any one of the characters. I took at first a fleeting interest in Captain O'Brien (played by Mr. NORMAN TREVOR with a most determined immobility), but after he had been wrongly suspected of being a villain and then wrongly suspected of being a hero, I took no further interest in his career.

I confess, too, that I prefer to have my comic relief supplied by subsidiary characters, and not by protagonists in

relieve matters. I can only recall one happy phrase, where Mr. BOURCHIER remarks, "If I've said anything that I'm sorry for, I'm glad." But he had given us this very phrase only the other day in *Parasites*. I don't know if he deliberately retained it as a pious souvenir of the past. Certainly there were moments which were reminiscent of his farcical manner in that unfortunate failure. For the rest his acting was very sound. Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH's performance as *Lady Carteret* showed nice feeling: but, as with Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, I could wish that

she would confine herself to light comedy, where regular employment might be found for the smile which it costs her so much to repress. Mr. BEALBY was rather amusing in his anxiety to get the right advice from the head of the family as to the proper line of conduct for an outraged husband. But Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT found little to suit her (except her gowns) in the part of this gentleman's erratic wife. She looked much too healthy and honest.

Proceedings were opened by a rather unusual type of curtain-raiser. *The Trap*, by the ARTHURS ECKERSLEY and CURTIS, is melodrama that comes very near to drama proper. But it seems just to miss the desired touch of irony. A burglar, closely tracked, persuades the girl he lives with to go out into the street and accost the detective (known to be weak about women) and bring him into their garret, where he is to be gagged and bound and so clear the way for escape. The ruse fails; the girl is



A FRESH SITUATION.

Puzzle: To find the injured husband.

General Sir Paul Carteret	Mr. BOURCHIER.
Captain O'Brien	Mr. NORMAN TREVOR.
Lady Carteret	Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.

whose tragic emotions I am expected to find a poignant interest. Everybody in this play seemed to be a protagonist. The whole cast (always barring the butler, a negligible figure) consisted either of illegitimate lovers or injured husbands. Even for a military station (on the stage) this seems in excess of the average. Then, again, I was disturbed by the medley of English and French sentiments. Your Frenchman takes his *cocu* lightly; your Englishman is serious over a breach of the marriage-covenant; and the audience was invited to be dispassionate and assume both attitudes in turn.

The dialogue did not do much to

killed by a motor; and the detective ultimately overpowers and captures his man. The trapper ought somehow to have been shown as caught in his own trap; but I gathered that the detective would have marked him down anyhow, and so this point of irony was lost. But as a mere study in the Grand Guignol manner the little sketch was not ineffective. Miss MAY HOLLAND was a very passable low-comedy gossip, and Miss DAISY MARKHAM as the girl *Nell*, her heart torn between loyalty to her man and the horror of sharing in his crime, played her tragic part with a nice discretion. O. S.



CRESUS JUNIOR.

"A FIVER FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, NURSE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

DORSET is not, I believe, one of the first-class cricket counties. But, to judge from some of the novels of Mr. THOMAS HARDY and "M. E. FRANCIS," in the sterner game of life, in which the implements are not bats and balls, but love and jealousy and sudden death, its rustics must be well in the running for championship honours. *The Wild Heart* (SMITH, ELDER), Mrs. FRANCIS BLUNDELL's new book, touches the same note of tragedy as *Far from the Madding Crowd*. It begins with a manslaughter and ends with a murder, all because a many years ago certain long-tailed birds were introduced into Europe from the neighbourhood of the river Phasis, since when they have had their revenge by bringing many a promising youth to the gallows. They did not quite do that for *David Chant*, of the wild heart, but one shining night he was so unlucky as to kill a keeper who would otherwise have brained one of his fellow-poachers, and got twenty years' penal servitude as his share of the bag. Within a few months he was an escaped convict with a price upon his head, and three years later returned to his native village, disguised in a beard and a false name, and married the girl-farmer who had helped him to escape. Then, unluckily for them both, just when he was beginning to yearn once more for the delights of poaching, the widow of the man that he had killed guessed his secret, and in a fit of jealous rage, because he had refused her offer of her heart and hand, first betrayed him

to the police, and then, to save trouble, with her own fair hand pulled the trigger that stilled the beating of his wild heart. The story, though its plot may sound melodramatic, is told in the quiet pastoral manner which Mrs. BLUNDELL has made her own.

Before we start bone-picking, let it be clearly understood that *The Heart of Marylebone* (HUTCHINSON) is no amateur story of North-Western love, but an expert study, subtly developed and most ably written, of husbands and wives and even third parties in health and in sickness. *Leila Gaythorne* (even if she was a Celt, she need not have shouted so much about the Celtic merit) and *Henry Palmerston*, whose manners are so exquisite as almost to have eliminated his manhood, marry in haste and fall in love at leisure. *Mrs. D'Arcy Vaux* and *Captain Vandaleur* love each other all the time, but are married, as ill luck will have it, otherwise. Sickness brings *Leila* on the one hand, and the *Captain* on the other, to a nursing home in Marylebone, and from that point of vantage their respective situations are reviewed by themselves, their nurses, their doctor, and their anonymous author, "HANDASYDE." All hold bright and diverse views on love and the other emotions as they should be, and express the same in a manner most attractive and convincing. Now for the bones. I suggest that a little more movement is needed to justify a novel of three hundred and forty closely printed pages. I deny respectfully that the Scot, with all his virtues, is quite the paragon of quick imagination and perfect understanding that he is here said to be. I assert positively that, when "Sheridan" furniture

is mentioned, something else is meant. There are, besides, a thousand moot points in the book; but that, perhaps, is its charm. It makes you think and pine for discussion. Yet, however argumentative you may be, you will not dispute the warm tribute paid to the personal devotion as well as technical skill of the medical profession, a tribute richly deserved and long overdue.

Anna and Astrid Avelan, the heroines of Mr. PAUL WAINEMAN'S new novel, *The Wife of Nicholas Fleming* (METHUEN), resembled each other so closely that even their own mother could scarcely tell them apart. It was therefore not to be wondered at that *Count Nicholas Fleming*, a Finnish nobleman with more money than intelligence, after falling in love with *Anna*, should commit the pardonable error of marrying *Astrid*. One morning, however, the two sisters happened to go down to the sea-shore for a swim. *Astrid* confided her wedding-ring to her sister, while she practised some high diving, and in a momentary absence of mind *Anna* slipped it on to her own finger. Scarcely had she done so when a terrific storm overwhelmed the boat from which they were bathing, swept *Astrid* out to sea, never to return, and left *Anna* to be rescued in a semi-conscious condition by a passing peasant. When *Anna* was carried up to the Count's castle, with *Astrid's* ring upon her finger, he assumed that she was his original spouse. *Anna* was too weak to explain matters. When, however, a son was born, and the Count was killed by a fractious horse, she realised that it was wrong of her to deprive the rightful heir of his property. It was really very fortunate that he should chance to be none other than her old flame, *Captain Renford*, a hero of the Russo-Japanese War. She was thus able to marry him with a clear conscience, and to spend the evening of her days in his society in Kent. Mr. WAINEMAN writes with skill and sympathy of the Finland which he knows and loves, but he taxes the reader's credulity somewhat severely if he expects him to believe that even the wildest of "backwoods" peers would be only able to distinguish his wife from another lady by the clothes she wore. The fate of *Nicholas Fleming's* first wife will undoubtedly strengthen and confirm that old-fashioned British prejudice (which still survives at so many of our fashionable watering-places) for regarding a wedding-ring as an inadequate bathing-costume.

We are told—on a red wrapper—that *Tower of Ivory* (JOHN MURRAY) is "a large tapestry of modern life, dealing with things as they are, human nature as it is, with eternal characteristics, not passing phrases," and this announcement is, I venture to think, as redundant as the "r" in the last word of it. But although I have to record my vote against Mrs. ATHERTON's book my admiration for the

cleverness of the author is undiminished. Indeed the great singer, *Margarethe Styr*, and several of the minor characters are drawn with such brilliant skill that I am reluctant to say that from my masculine point of view the hero, *John Ordham*, is thoroughly contemptible and uninteresting. *Ordham's* fascinating manners failed to fascinate me, and as—until nearly the end of the book—he seemed unable to show any durable feeling except hatred of his elder brother and his young wife I longed very sincerely to kick him. He was fortunate, perhaps, in spending nearly all his time with feminine admirers, but I wish that we had been given more opportunity to see what men thought of him. While recognising the remarkable ability with which parts of *Towers of Ivory* are written, I cannot recommend the book to the squeamish. In the description of Munich society Mrs. ATHERTON might, on one occasion, have been more reticent without being less effective.

On Fads (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is divided into three parts—ethical, literary, social—and may be recommended to

anyone who likes such subjects as "Moral Education in the Home," "Modern Humour in Modern Literature" (with little slaps at Mr. CHESTERTON), and "The Increase of Luxury." As the author, Lady GROVE, states that "critics" often read nothing but prefaces, I wish to say that I have not confined myself to the preface here (for there is none), nor have extracted the title of these essays from the list of contents, but from the body of the book, of which I have read every word. Lady GROVE is most satisfactory when she does not try to be entertaining. While sympathising

with many of her opinions, I protest both against her anecdotes and her manner of relating them. The reproduction of such an ancient tale as that of the biggest liar taking the kettle may be partly excused on the ground that the story is old enough to be almost new, but when Lady GROVE spoils a tale of a girl's first Royal ball by adding "I was more fortunate in my partner, for he happened to be a friend of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," I feel a creeping sadness.

"BRITISH RAINFALL.
TRUSTEES TAKE OVER WORK OF
ORGANISATION."
Evening Standard.

"BRITISH RAINFALL.
GIFT BY DR. MILL."
The Times.

It has been very kind of Dr. MILL, but he overdid it last year, and we are glad that there is to be a change of management. If the new trustees can arrange for the rainfall to come in the middle of the week or during the other people's holidays we shall be grateful.

"Collier c Rector b Floissac b Elliott c Rector b Floissac O."
Better luck next time.
Manchester Guardian.



LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE HIRED ASSASSIN CALLS TO COLLECT HIS MONTHLY BILL.